

FLAGSHIP OF VIRGINIA NAVY

The "Emeline" Purchased By the Board of Fisheries for This Important Purpose.

IS NOW BEING EQUIPPED

Enough of the \$20,000 Appropriation Left to Put the Boat in First-Class Repair.

The State Board of Fisheries has recently purchased in New York the iron steamer yacht "Emeline" and brought her to Virginia to be fitted out as the flagship for the State's oyster navy. The yacht had been out of commission for two and a half years and needs overhauling and repainting, but she was bought at less than a third of her original cost, and there is plenty of margin left of the \$20,000 appropriation with which to fit her out. When this is completed, which will be about July 1st, she will be a boat of which the Governor and his subordinate officers may well be proud. Inspectors were sent from the Newport News shipyard to examine the purchase of the Board of Fisheries, and their report is highly gratifying to the board. Her hull, braces and framing are all of iron. Her bulk-head, or bow, is a water-tight compartment, which adds greatly to her strength, and which, in case of collision, and her entire stem should be carried away, would prevent leakage. She is a veritable ice crusher and could stand knocks almost equal to a small gunboat.

The "Emeline" is 115 feet over all, 101 feet on water line, seventeen feet beam, six and a half feet draft and is plumb stem. Her engines are triple expansion and she has an Army water-tube boiler that is allowed 250 pounds steam pressure. Her saloon is capacious and she has four staterooms aft and four forward, besides crew's quarters. A spacious dining-room on deck, convenient galley, bath-room and toilet add to her comfort and accommodation. She will be allowed a passenger list of twenty-five.

Was a Private Boat.

The "Emeline" was built in 1894 at Rochdale shipyards, Chester, Pa., for the use of John Rouch, the great warship builder. Later she became the property of Stephen W. Rouch, son of John Rouch, and commodore of Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, from whom she was bought by the State of Virginia.

In the great storm of October, 1894, when sixteen large, fine yachts were wrecked off the Long Island coast, the "Emeline" survived, and in the melee received eight men from the crew of the schooner "Vesper" for which at least \$50,000, while not \$20,000 will be spent on her, purchase price included.

The Board of Fisheries was negotiating for some three or four weeks, in the meantime examining half a hundred yachts, and the deal was finally made. The "Emeline" was purchased for \$15,000, a sum suggested by the propriety of naming the boat "Commodore Maury." In honor of Virginia's distinguished sailor and scientist. No doubt the suggestion of the Governor will be followed at the next meeting of the board.

STAUNTON

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

STAUNTON, VA., May 19.—The Alumnae Association of the Virginia Female Institute of Staunton will hold a meeting at the Institute building on June 4th for the purpose of organization.

The final exercises at the Mary Baldwin Seminary will begin on Friday, May 25th. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. Russell Cecil, D. D., of Richmond, Va., and an address will be delivered by Hon. Don P. Hulse, of Lynchburg, Va., the graduating class.

The graduates of the year are: Misses Mary H. Ark, of Virginia; Margaret Weatherly, of South Carolina; Agnes McHugh, of West Virginia; and Josephine Underwood, of China.

In the academic department, the graduates are: Misses Mary K. Green, of Texas; Nancy W. Griffith, of Kentucky; Mary Louise Lecky, of Virginia; Winifred Morris, of Delaware; Josephine Timberlake, of Virginia; and Mary Ella Warwick, of Virginia.

In instrumental music, Misses Rosa Lee Delaney and Marie Hammond, both of Virginia.

In art, Misses Emily V. Panckake, of Virginia; and Florence Pealer, of Minnesota.

Mrs. K. R. N. Stout, who has been teaching at the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind here for eight years, has tendered her resignation to take effect at the end of the present session. She is very popular with the pupils.

Mrs. E. C. Goodall has returned from a visit to Richmond.

Mrs. J. K. Childrey and Miss Margaret Childrey, of Richmond, who have been visiting Mrs. Henry Hutcheson, have returned to Richmond.

FRANKLIN SOCIAL

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

FRANKLIN, VA., May 19.—Miss Lula Pope, of Newmarket, Southampton county, who has been a guest of Mrs. T. D. Gibson, returned to her home last Saturday morning.

Miss Virginia Rawls, of Carverville, Isle of Wight county, was the guest of friends in town last Sunday.

Balliff J. W. Williams, of the State Corporation Commission, spent last Saturday in town.

Misses Sydney and Hinton Grizzard spent Sunday with their parents in Boykins, Va.

Dr. L. C. Holland, of Suffolk, was a guest at the home of Mr. Crawford Barrett on Main Street, last Sunday.

Mr. John Spivey, of Portsmouth, Va., a former resident of this place, spent Sunday with his parents, and wife returned from Richmond Wednesday, where they attended the commencement exercises of the Medical College of Virginia, of which Dr. de Bordenave is a graduate.

Mrs. Gavin Rawls, of Carverville, Va., was a guest of her sister, Mrs. A. L. Gardner on Tuesday.

Rev. W. G. Parker, of Whaleyville, Nanamond county, spent several days of this week at the home of Mr. J. H. Gay, on Fourth Avenue.

Mrs. L. H. Brantley, of Ivor, Va.,

BACKACHE? IT'S YOUR KIDNEYS

Mrs. Estelle Clayton, of Toronto, Canada, Suffered Intensely From Pain in Back and Kidneys. Completely Cured by

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

A TRIAL BOTTLE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY CURE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE TO EVERY READER OF THE TIMES-DISPATCH WHO SUFFERS FROM KIDNEY, LIVER, BLADDER OR BLOOD DISEASE.

If the kidneys become diseased and are unable to do their work properly, the liver becomes affected, then the bladder, the urinary organs, the blood and the stomach. The blood becomes impoverished, the urine becomes muddy, and will have a brick-dust sediment if it stands for 24 hours; the liver becomes torpid, and pains in the back are almost constant as the system becomes congested with the disease.

If any trace of kidney disease shows itself, get a bottle of WARNER'S SAFE CURE. It will purify and strengthen the kidneys, kill the disease germs, prevent the serious complications that are bound to arise, and restore perfect health.

SUFFERED INTENSELY

Mrs. Estelle Clayton, a noted Canadian society woman, says: "We have used Warner's Safe Cure in our family for several years. It cured my husband of backache and kidney trouble, and Warner's also cured me of a serious cold that settled in my back and kidneys, and which caused me intense suffering and pain."—Mrs. Estelle Clayton, 554 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

KIDNEY DISEASE

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is purely vegetable, and contains no harmful drugs. It is prescribed by doctors and used in leading hospitals for disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood.

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS move the bowels gently and aid a speedy cure.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is put up in two regular sizes and sold by all druggists, or direct, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Refuse substitutes.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

To convince every sufferer from disease of the liver, kidneys, bladder and blood that WARNER'S SAFE CURE will cure them, a trial bottle will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to any one who will write to WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y., and mention having seen this liberal offer in The Times-Dispatch. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher. Our doctors will send medical booklet, containing symptoms and treatment of each disease, and many convincing testimonials, FREE, to any one who will write.

former resident of Franklin, was the guest of her many friends in town this week.

Mrs. G. C. Moore, of Suffolk, Va., was a guest of her friends in Franklin Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Florence Williams, of Courtland, Va., is a guest of Miss Stella Fagan, on Fourth Avenue.

Mr. P. D. Camp expects to leave for White Springs, Fla., one day this week, to be gone for several days.

Messrs. Herman Cobb, Dr. P. B. Snipes, A. L. Gardner, Jr., Paul Scarborough, and Burt Fleetwood attended the commencement exercises of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute at Murfreesboro, N. C., Tuesday night of this week.

Mr. George R. Hayes spent Sunday with relatives in Suffolk, Va.

Mr. P. N. Shuyler left Tuesday for a short vacation, during which time he will visit his mother at Winchester, Va.

Mr. R. J. Camp and wife left Sunday afternoon for New York city, where they will be for several days.

Miss Mary Story, the daughter of Misses Lena and Mary Sharp at Harrisville, N. C.

Mr. M. C. Horton, of Butterworth, Va., a former resident of Franklin, spent Thursday with his friends in town.

Miss Virginia Jones, of Norfolk, Va., is a guest of Misses Gardiner on Clay Street, this week.

The Junior Book Club of this town, has disbanded until the fall, at which time they will have their weekly meetings as before.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

SCOTTSVILLE, VA., May 19.—A committee from Scottsville, composed of Jackson Beal, C. B. Harris and J. P. Blair, met the board of supervisors of Albemarle county at Charlottesville, Va., on Wednesday, May 16th, and took up with them the question of a bridge across the Rapid River at Scottsville. The board appointed a commission, composed of Messrs. John B. Minor, William Thacker and M. Durrett, to meet at Scottsville on June 15th, and report to the board the advisability of Albemarle county making an appropriation for this purpose.

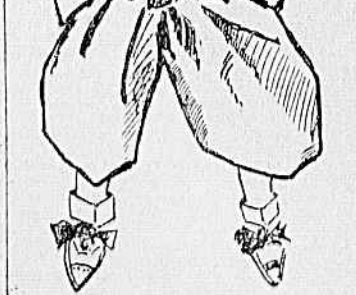
Mr. W. P. Pitts, of Cumberland county, paid a visit to his old home here this week.

Mr. P. E. Thomas, of the "Scottsville Courier," was in Richmond this week.

Mrs. T. Brown Powers, who has been spending some time with her grandmother, Mrs. D. P. Powers, of Scottsville, returned to her home in Richmond Thursday, the 17th.

John S. Martin, proprietor of the Hardware Lumber Store, was in Charlottesville this week.

Mrs. James Holladay, after a ten days' visit to her old home here, has returned.



We cater to men of taste in dress. Everything a man needs, along this line, barring shoes, is here—at the right price.

How about an office coat at 50c?

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FATAL STARWAY IN ANCIENT HOME

Residence Near Charlottesville, Planned By Jefferson, Contains

Mysterious Death Trap.

A STUDENT'S NARROW ESCAPE

Violent Death to Guest of House's First Owner Came Near Repeating Itself.

There is an ancient home about seven miles from Charlottesville, said to have been planned by Jefferson; as a farm to the gentleman who had it built. The family who live in it now are direct descendants of the builder. The house is a stately old brick structure, capping a hill which overlooks a branch of the James.

The present owner of the house is the father of several very attractive daughters, who are the objects of visits from a great many University students at Charlottesville. Several weeks ago one of the regular callers induced a friend, who was a very hard student, and gave none of his time to society, to go out with him and have dinner at the house on the hill. After a delay of an hour, the two arrived at their destination, and being expected, were warmly received and royally feasted.

After dinner the visitors and young ladies returned to the parlor. It was not long before the heavy student, whose name was Carter, and who was very interested in ancient architecture, began inquiring about the age of the house, who planned it, and many other questions.

"The house was planned by Jefferson," explained the eldest of the three daughters, "and everything was admirably arranged, except the stairway, leading down into the dining-room. Jefferson, as you probably know, planned many fine houses for his neighbors throughout this country, but he had one weakness which is common in most of his structures; and that was the building of narrow, dark and generally winding stairways. He seemed to think little of how a person was to go up, and down and sacrificed his stairs for the better arrangement of rooms and halls."

"But your stairway here is very broad and convenient," replied Carter.

Put in New Stairs.

"Yes, but these now are not the ones which Jefferson built. Our great-grandfather had those constructed in 1840, after a friend who visited him had fallen down the stairs, and broken his neck."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Carter; "this grows interesting. What did you do with the other stairs?"

"I was just coming to the most interesting part, especially as you seem to take so much interest in the ancient and mysterious. The fatal and original stairway is still in this house, but no one has ever trod its steps since 1840; for at that date our great-grandfather had the lower door removed, and the entrance sealed up so that now no one knows exactly where it was. The upper door was merely locked, and the key thrown away, and no one since then has ever tried to open it. You passed the door as we went down the end of the hall to the new stairway."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Carter, "that your people have lived here all their lives without curiously enough to take a peek down that gruesome passage?"

"I would have been a day you ask, but I would have it explored from end to end. Why, for all you know there might be a hidden treasure at the bottom."

"Or, a ghastly skeleton," put in Carter's friend.

Decide to Open the Door.

"Let's open it," finally suggested the curious Carter, and everybody assented, as though they had been thinking the same thing.

"I consider myself an expert on locks," said Carter, as he took the younger sister, who was sitting by his side, and for several years I have been making a collection of keys of all kinds and descriptions, and the idea of a door which has been left locked for such a long period interests me immensely."

A moment later Carter was kneeling before the lock of the door in question. The lock was an immense affair, and was not fitted into the woodwork as modern ones are, but was merely screwed to the panel. Carter stooped down and examined it closely.

"I would like to make a modern key to make the one that fits this lock. We need not have to pick it, however. Get me a screw-driver and I will have it open in no time."

A servant was ordered to bring the required instrument, while the party impatiently waited for the result. At last the screw-driver was brought, and Carter was soon unscrewing the rusty fastenings. After about five minutes of dexterous manipulation of the screw-driver, Carter removed the last screw and the lock fell off with a rattling clang. The student, who had been waiting for the opening of the door, and breathlessly the onlookers waited for the squeaking of the hinges. The door had settled in its casement, and at first refused to give. But it was finally started, and with some effort slowly drawn back. The opening of the door brought a breath of damp and cold air. A narrow and perilously steep stairway was disclosed, descending until it finally lost itself in inky blackness.

"Will somebody please descend and bring up the chest of gold?" asked Carter.

"And be careful not to stumble over

the family skeleton," warned his friend.

The girls had drawn back a step or two, and from their looks did not seem to see in the situation anything especially humorous.

"I would not go down there for all the money in the country," said the younger.

Carter decided to enter.

"All right! I will go down myself," replied Carter, "and if I find anything I will be generous and divide the booty equally among us all. Here goes," and with these words placed his foot on the first step.

"I guess I had better not take a light for fear of setting the house on fire," said Carter, as he stepped down. With hands braced against each wall he started slowly descending, putting down one foot at a time. Soon his form was lost in the shadows.

"These steps are mouldy and slippery as everything," came up his voice. "Good-bye to you all!"

He was heard to take one or two more steps, and then there came up from the darkness a horrible crash, and the sound of a body plunging headlong down the stairs.

A few seconds later the party stood stupefied with fear.

"My God!" finally exclaimed Carter's friend, and the girls screamed.

"Carter, Carter!" cried the student, as he peered down in the darkness below.

In the midst of the noise, the father of the household came running from the library. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Mandy," he ordered to one of the servants, who had entered, "go fetch a lantern and a rope. And you, Jim, run over to Dr. M—'s and tell him to hurry over here."

Carter's friend was still vainly calling, only to hear his voice re-echo back to him.

In a few minutes the woman servant returned with a lighted lantern and a rope. The father took the cord and tied one end of it to a post.

"Now," he said, addressing the student, "you and I will descend and get your friend, who is no doubt seriously hurt. We can hold on to this rope as we descend, and it will aid us in returning."

Without more ado the two started down, the student eagerly taking the lead, while the three girls silently looked on with wide, startled eyes. They descended carefully and were finally lost from view around the turn. Ages seemed to have elapsed before their return was heralded by slow, heavy footfalls coming up the steps. At last the two appeared from around the turn, carrying as best they could the limp form of Carter. A few seconds later they had reached the last step and carefully laid their burden upon the floor just as Dr. M— came through the front door. Carter was bleeding freely from the nose. The physician leaned over him and started making an examination. He had not yet finished when the injured person opened his eyes.

"Narrow Escape From Death.

"Does your neck hurt you?" inquired the doctor.

After some effort the object of the question managed to bring an assent.

"The physician arose and turned to the father.

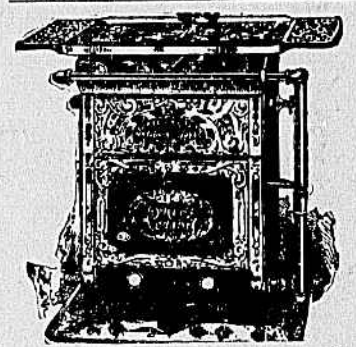
"He is not very seriously hurt," he said, "the young man is evidently quite athletic; and his strong muscles have saved him from receiving a broken neck."

At his words everybody breathed a sigh of relief.

"And did you find anything down there?" asked the youngest sister of Carter's friend.

"Nothing but this slip of yellow paper with something scribbled upon it," he replied. "Let's see if we can make it out." And he walked to the window at the end of the hall. For several moments his brow was puckered over the bit of paper.

"What is the date of today?" he finally asked. No more.



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